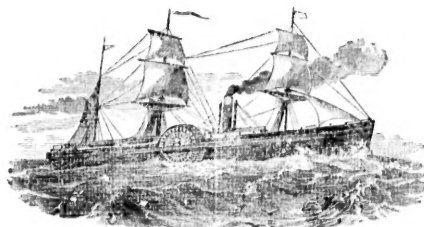


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# THE MISSING STEAM-SHIP!



THE following is a complete list of the passengers on board the missing Steamship :—

## From Halifax.

Allen, James  
Barron, John  
Barron, Walter  
Baker, Mr, Lady and family  
Billing, Edward  
Cassedy, Patrick  
Doull, A. K.  
Erskine, Mary  
Fisher, Charles  
Foibes, W.  
Graves, James  
Holland, Joseph  
Hamilton, Capt. 65th Regt.  
Kenny, E. J.  
Kildahl, Lt. A. H., wife, 2  
children, and Amelia Cleak  
(their female servant).  
Knox, G. A.  
Leconte, Mr.  
Morey, H. C.  
Montgomery, T. R.  
Murray, W.  
McCain, J. and wife.  
Orange, Lieut. and servant  
Orange, Mrs and child

## From New York.

Paint, Jas. N.  
Paint, Miss F.  
Parks, W.  
Potter, W. E.  
Power, Patrick, Junr.  
Purdy, J. D.  
Robinson, F. R. and Brother  
Rowling, George  
Sterling, Capt. Lady & family  
Silver, Charles S.  
Thompson, John  
Young, John B.  
Mr R. W. McDonald.  
Mr F. H. Prieux.  
Mr T. O'Neil.  
Mr D. McDonald.  
Mrs Jas. McKinnon.  
Mrs J. McCall.  
Mrs B. B. Osler.  
Mrs Guigune.  
Mrs J. Whittaker, 4 chil-  
dren and infant.  
Mr Whittaker.  
Robert Keer.

THE *City of Boston* from New York for England, via Halifax, left the latter port, with Mails and Passengers, January 28th, 1870. A letter from Mr. Inman, published in June, says :—" I can no longer conceal from myself the overwhelming probability that the total loss of this Company's Steamship, with all on board, has taken place; and the time has come, therefore, when I feel bound to report her loss, officially, to the department. I have no direct evidence in my possession showing the date, manner or cause of the loss."

WAVES of the Ocean that roll evermore,  
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?  
Tell as ye dash on the shivering strand!  
Where are the friends that come never to land?  
Where are the loved ones who, fearless and true,  
Bade us so gaily the parting *adieu*?  
Where are the faces that smiling and bright,  
Sailed for the regions of storm and affright?  
Where are the dear ones whose loss we deplore,  
Where are the ship-mates that went from our shore?

WHALES of the sea, if its secrets ye know,  
Safe in its quiet recesses below;  
Bear ye no news of the terrible tale?  
Have ye no record of tempest and gale?  
Met ye the laboring ship as she passed?  
Saw ye the sign of distress at the mast?  
Swimming amid the sea-caverns about,  
Have ye no JONAH again to cast out?  
Tell to the waves as they break on the shore,  
What of the ship's crew that cometh no more?

WINDS o'er the troubled Atlantic that sweep,  
Tell us the secrets of that mighty deep!  
Say, did the heart of friends sink in their fear,  
Grew the cheek pale as the danger drew near?  
What of the Maiden so tender and fair?  
What of the Father with silvery hair?  
What of the beauty of Woman-hood's prime—  
Bore they undaunted the perilous time?  
Winds of the Ocean, so loud in your roar,  
Where are the ship-mates that went from our shore?

BIRDS of the Sea-foam that scream on the gale,  
Say, have ye heard in your soarings no wail?  
Aught of the Passenger-ship did ye see,  
What of her crew on the boisterous sea?  
Perched ye for rest on the storm-shivered mast?  
Felt ye the Hurricane's terrible blast?  
Saw ye the Ice-berg that frowned for a prey?  
Heard ye no message to carry away?  
Back to the friends who are stricken and sore—  
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

DEPTHS of the Ocean that fathomless lie,  
Yield ye no relic to gladden the eye?  
Send ye no word of the ship in distress?  
Bear ye no message of loving carress?  
No sad memento of dear ones who sleep,  
Down in your chambers, oh! treacherous deep?  
Say, shall they rest in their billowy bed,  
Till the last trumpet sound "Give up your dead"?  
Send deep Atlantic thy message to shore,  
Then shall we covet thy secrets no more!

GOD of the Universe! Mighty in power!  
Look we to THEE in this heart-rending hour;  
Kept from the greedy and merciless wave,  
Trust we THY mercy and power to save.  
Darkness and doubt tho' our sky overcast,  
Grief is now silent—the tempest is past.  
Take thou the souls that were destined to die,  
Home to the heavenly haven on high!  
Safely to rest in thy love evermore—  
Leave we the ship-mates that went from our shore!

Sold at the News Agency of G. E. Morton & Co., No. 155, Hollis Street.

Mary Mollie  
Archibald  
Memorial

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